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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

CHARLES W. THOMPSON

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE

APRIL 24 AND 25, 1904

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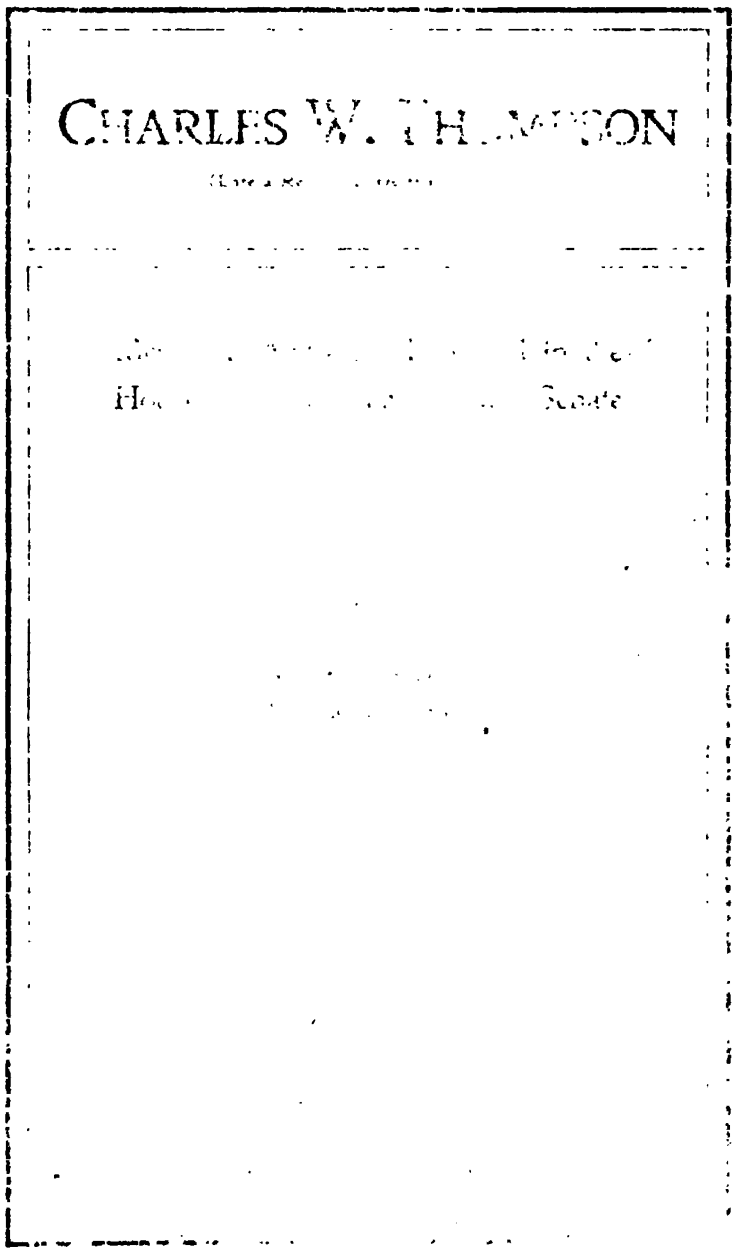

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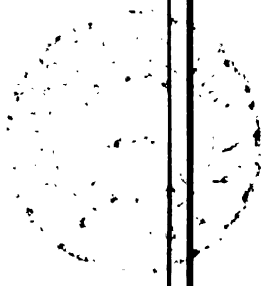
CHARLES W. THOMPSON

(Late a Representative from Alabama)

Memorial Addresses Delivered in the House of Representatives and Senate

Second Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress



Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1905

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DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE C. W. THOMPSON

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

MONDAY, *March 21, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in Heaven, profoundly impressed with the uncertainty of our earthly existence by the removal of another of our Congressional family, cut off in the midst of a useful and successful career, we most fervently pray that we may so order our lives that when the summons comes we shall be ready with faith and confidence to move forward, realizing that death is not an extinction of being, but an epoch, an event in the grand eternal march of existence.

Be graciously near to those whose hearts have been touched, wounded by this death. Comfort them by the blessed thought that though he may not come to them, they shall surely go to him and dwell with him in the realms of eternal peace. Hear us in the name of Him who taught us the resurrection and the life, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

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DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

Mr. WILEY, of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House the untimely death of my late distinguished colleague, Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, who was the Representative from the Fifth Congressional district of Alabama in the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Congresses. Later on in the session I shall ask this House to take appropriate action in regard to the death of my deceased friend and colleague.

I now send to the Clerk's desk and ask the reading and immediate adoption of the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret of the untimely death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Speaker announced the following committee:

Mr. Wiley, of Alabama; Mr. Clayton, of Alabama; Mr. Bowie, of Alabama; Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee; Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee; Mr. Littlefield, of Maine; Mr. Brown, of Wisconsin; Mr. Darragh, of Michigan; Mr. Williams, of Illinois;

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Mr. Hill, of Connecticut; Mr. Scarborough, of South Carolina; Mr. Southard, of Ohio; Mr. Patterson, of North Carolina; Mr. Houston, of Delaware; Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina.

The Clerk then reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 21 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock m.

APRIL 6, 1904.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE HON. CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

Mr. WILEY, of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That when the House adjourn on Saturday, April 23, it be to meet on Sunday, April 24, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of CHARLES W. THOMPSON, deceased, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and, without objection, the resolution will be agreed to.

There was no objection.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

APRIL 24, 1904.

DEATH OF HON. CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

Mr. WILEY, of Alabama. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of this House from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House at the conclusion of the exercises of this day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

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Address of Mr. Underwood, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: In an hour of sadness we sometimes stand aside from the maddening stream of humanity, rushing on in the daily struggle for life, and ask, What is it all about? Why this ceaseless fight for existence? Why this strenuous toil for wordly success? Why this ever unsatisfied desire to plunder more of life's honors and earth's riches than other men are allowed to do? Up from the struggling masses, straight from the fighting crowd, the answer is wafted back: "This is the day we are allowed to play our parts, the only day we will ever have; time will not stop to wait for us. On we must struggle if we expect to obtain ambition's success, for the road of life leads to waste and decay, and the end of the journey is almost in sight by the time we have well begun." Then, why should we start at all? Why labor to continue a journey that must end in darkness and in nothing? Why seek to acquire riches that leave us at the grave? Why barter the peace of life for honors that die with us and are soon buried under the mold of time? Well might we answer: 'Twere better the journey were not begun if the main highway leading on through the heat of noonday sun, through the dust of disappointed hopes, and over the jagged rocks of unsatisfied ambition were the only road over which life's burdens could be carried to the peace beyond the grave;

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but it is not. Beyond the main highway there is a shady pathway whose way is blazed only to true philosophers. Along that path but few great names are inscribed; the clanking swords of the world's great generals are unheard; there none feel the iron hand of despotic rule; there the barter and soul-destroying struggle for great wealth does not thrive; there the mere brutal fight for existence is never found; there the desire to mount to success over other men's fortunes does not exist.

Only those can wander there who have learned that love of humanity, the broadening of the soul, self-respect and truth, are the true riches of life, and that peace is earth's greatest reward. Those who travel along this quiet path of life are not struggling to supplant their fellow-men; their motto is to do well their part, for there all the honor lies. This they have learned from sad experience, and that any other course leads to pain and sorrow.

In thinking of the life and death of our dead colleague and friend, CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, I have drifted into these reflections. Our dead friend had attained many of life's victories, and yet he was not over ambitious—he did not acquire success at the cost of peace to himself. He had amassed a fair fortune, but he had not gathered it by pulling down his fellow-man. He was liberal in his charities and kindly in his heart. He had attained high political honors, but never did he belittle the success or true worth of those he competed with.

He drifted into the great beyond in his early manhood, in the midst of life's achievements and rewards, but he was

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a philosopher with it all, and lived and died at peace with himself and with the world. "He played well his part," and died loved and honored by his friends and constituents.

A darkening sky and a whitening sea,
  And a wind in the palm trees tall,
Soon or late comes a call for me,
Down from the mountain or up from the sea;
  There let me lie where I fall.

And a friend may write—for friends there be—
  On a stone from the great sea wall:
Jungle and town and reef and sea—
I loved God's earth and His earth loved me,
  Taken for all in all.

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Address of Mr. Littlefield, of Maine

Mr. SPEAKER: Twice have I been in the pleasant, hospitable, and typical town of Tuskegee, in the black belt of Alabama. On the first occasion, with a small Congressional party, I was the guest of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, of Alabama, and greatly enjoyed his whole-souled and generous hospitality. On the second occasion, as a member of the Congressional committee, it became my privilege to accompany his body to its last resting place in the beautiful cemetery at Tuskegee, where it now lies with his kindred. My acquaintance with him and my knowledge of his many estimable personal qualities and characteristics are such as enable me to render upon this occasion, in more than a perfunctory way, a sincere and heartfelt tribute to his memory. In person he was engaging and attractive. His character was of the highest, and his personal and political integrity were above suspicion. He was a fine specimen of the Christian southern gentleman. Cut off in the forty-fourth year of his life, he was serving with great credit to himself and usefulness to his State his second term as a Member of the House.

The fact that during this relatively short life he had accumulated by honest toil and his own individual efforts what is considered a handsome fortune in his section is the conclusive demonstration of his great business ability

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and thrift, and furnishes the adequate reason for the prominent and leading position he occupied among the people with whom he lived, and, with his estimable personal characteristics, gives us the unerring key to the universal and widespread sorrow that was manifested at the time of his death by his fellow-citizens.

The deep, sincere, and heartfelt mourning that moved his townspeople, without regard to race or color, was a most striking tribute to his memory. The influence and position which he acquired in the House is known to us all, and is creditable to his natural abilities as well as his industrious and painstaking service in committee and on the floor.

Beyond and above this ordinary service which simply reaches the common level and is not necessarily indicative of high ideals or characterized by advancing and elevating thought, I believe that Mr. THOMPSON was sincerely and successfully contributing to the solution of one of the greatest problems that can concern the people that he represented—indissolubly united as we are, the problem that seriously concerns us all—without abandoning or surrendering any of the ideas and views which have by long contact and intimate association with the colored race become firmly embedded in the consciousness of the Anglo-Saxon race in the South.

By precept and example, the influence of a successful business and public man, and direct personal effort, he used every endeavor to aid and facilitate the development and the elevation of this unfortunate race. Believing that the misconception and misunderstanding that exists and

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persists between the people of the North and the South upon this question as to the real spirit, purposes, and desires of each section was profound and unfortunate, he thought that nothing could dispel it more effectually than the actual observation by each section of conditions as they exist and by having brethren meet brethren in the home and business life of each.

It is written, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." There can be no question that if the people of the North could visit and meet the people of the South and the people of the South could see the people of the North by their firesides and as they pursue their various avocations to a large degree violent prejudices would fade away, false impressions would be corrected, and sectional feeling would rapidly become a thing of the past. "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

Mr. THOMPSON no doubt had these considerations in mind when he made the small Congressional party his guests, and while the visit was necessarily short and the information obtained meager, I feel justified in saying that all felt it a move in the right direction, and that those who constituted the party were beginning to more accurately appreciate real existing conditions.

He did not, however, satisfy himself by generalities, but devoted a great portion of his tireless, well-directed energy to aiding individuals of the race whose lot had been cast with his in the most practical and efficient manner. In answer to a letter from me for specific information upon this great question, he wrote on February 12, 1903, a letter which throws a flood of light upon the proper method of

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ultimately and successfully solving the race problem, in which he said:

MY DEAR SIR: Replying to your personal request for information regarding the colored people whom you met while on your visit to Alabama with "the THOMPSON party" last year, I introduced to you, on my plantation, James Whitlow, colored, who can neither read nor write, and who owns 880 acres of well-improved farming land, valued at $12,000, and upon which there is no incumbrance, and also ten head of mules, cattle, etc. He is the father of ten children, all of whom can read and write. His oldest son has purchased and is operating a public steam gin, and gins cotton for his community, keeps the books, and manages the business. Whitlow is a good citizen, enjoys a good credit, and is well respected by all of his neighbors, both white and black. He pays but little attention to politics, seldom ever votes, and is an honest, upright citizen.

I also introduced to you Mose Green, who owns 400 acres of land, valued at $4,000, which he purchased from me eight years ago on time without making a cash payment and paid for in four years. He has it well improved, is out of debt, and owns six mules and horses.

He is an ex-slave, and can not read or write, but has six or eight children, all of whom can read and write; and his oldest son has recently bought and paid for 160 acres of land.

You were also introduced to Anthony Griffin, who purchased 400 acres of land adjoining that of Mose Green. He has it paid for, and has educated all of his children at Booker Washington's school. He, like the others, can neither read nor write.

Charlie Davis was also present, who owns 640 acres of land, valued at $4,000, which he purchased some years ago on time, and which is now unencumbered and paid for. He has a fairly good common school education, is a good citizen, and enjoys a good credit.

We have in my county twenty or thirty other colored citizens who own good tracts of land, well improved, and who are accumulating property every year, and who are also educating their children at Booker Washington's school and in the public schools of the county. These thrifty, economical, industrious colored people pay very little attention to politics; in fact, they seldom go to the polls; are highly respected in their sphere by both white and black, and enjoy the friendship, confidence, and protection of the white people.

A great many of the colored people you met on my plantation the day you spent there have lived as tenants on my land for the past twenty years and have lived comfortably, but have been extravagant and thriftless and have never accumulated much property.

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Booker Washington's school has done a great work for the colored people in that section in stimulating and encouraging them to secure homes, accumulate property, and educate their children.

I have learned since Mr. THOMPSON'S death what his modesty would not permit him to state in a personal letter, and that is that the larger portion of these "colored citizens" were indebted to him for the financial aid and business advice that enabled them to become good citizens, entitled to and receiving the respect of the people among whom they lived and wrought.

In this noble work I conceive he was discharging the highest duty of American citizenship, and for it he is entitled to the most unreserved commendation. It is a splendid object lesson of what may be accomplished by practical common-sense methods.

One of Mr. THOMPSON'S most striking characteristics was his accurate knowledge of human nature and the certainty with which he could select men who were worthy of help and would not abuse his confidence. He is fully entitled to the encomium of Dean Swift, who declared that—

Who ever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

Who can render greater service to his country than he who demonstrates the possibility of making useful citizens of a race which, under proper conditions of education and development, should prove and will prove the South's most valuable agricultural and industrial resource? Rightly and wisely utilized, it will be the most potent

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factor in the development of that agricultural, industrial, and material greatness which is the God-given birthright of that land of brave men and fair and virtuous women.

Where are the Anglo-Saxons who, with the same opportunity, struggling against the same disadvantages, can show the same achievement and success that have attended the efforts of James Whitlow, Mose Green, Anthony Griffin, Charles Davis, and "twenty or thirty other colored citizens," aided by such men as Mr. THOMPSON? Given enough of such colored men and enough such men to aid them, and the race question will, when time enough shall have elapsed for the proper operation of these legitimate forces, work out its own solution.

The establishment of a home to shelter his wife and children, the education of his children, teaching the gospel of honest toil, and the accumulation of property adequate for their comfortable maintenance and support are essential features in all true American citizenship. These possessed and all other essential elements follow, "as the night the day." To these noble ends Mr. THOMPSON unselfishly bent his best energies with most gratifying success. He was not only the friend and supporter of every good work, but he was especially interested in and efficiently supported the magnificent work being done by Booker T. Washington in the Tuskegee Institute.

He was a firm believer in its great utility, beginning as it does at the bottom with practical industrial education, laying the firm foundation without which no enduring superstructure can stand. That his work in this direction was thoroughly appreciated by the colored people

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no one could fail to see who witnessed the great outpouring of that race as they gathered at the funeral exercises and followed his body to the grave with sincere, pathetic, and unobtrusive manifestations of profound sorrow.

True it is that they have lost a firm and faithfnl friend, his town its foremost and well-beloved citizen, and his State and his country a broad, liberal-minded, catholic, and progressive Christian statesman. May we not express the belief that his progressive, enlightened, catholic, and patriotic spirit was in truth and fact in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of the law-abiding, patriotic, God-fearing people of his beloved Southland? That, without antagonizing or attempting to eradicate ideas that are the result of generations of development, education, and heredity in opening the door of opportunity to a race recently emerged from barbarism and kindling the flame of hope in the breast of the lowly, he correctly voiced the higher and nobler sentiment that is perhaps slowly, but none the less surely, pervading the land of the orange and the palm?

If we are justified in entertaining this belief, the time can not be far distant when, under the blessing and guidance of the God of nations, our fathers' God and our God, we shall witness the full fruition of the scriptural saying, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face."

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Address of Mr. Clayton, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: I have come to-day to join in these ceremonies, to indorse the beautiful sentiments uttered in behalf of our dead friend, and to vote for the resolutions which have been offered. The melancholy occasion and knowledge derived from an intimate association with Mr. Thompson naturally suggest the thoughts that come to me.

While death is looked upon as the final and great calamity in every life, it at least brings all living men to the position where they are willing and disposed to do justice to the dead, whether foe or comrade. It is perhaps true that the best measure of any man can be had after his departure from the conflicts of life. His friends can then best contemplate his good deeds and his honorable career. If he had antagonists while living, he is no longer in competition with them. He has ceased to be the object of jealousy or envy. The grave has in his case silenced in the hearts of living men these human frailties.

In great sorrow we now pay loving and just tribute to the character, the public services, and the useful life of our departed friend.

On this the Lord's Day we have converted this Hall, the scene of many a fierce political struggle, into a sort of sanctuary, into a place where we acknowledge the omnipotence of God, and bow in recognition to His universal

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law—the law of life and death. We stand in the presence of death and confess that man, with all his boasted knowledge and ingenuity, must in the end admit his inability to defeat the dread reaper, and that, sooner or later, under the inexorable providence of God, all the sons and daughters of Adam will go willingly or unwillingly to join the departed in the great beyond.

In considering the success that our friend achieved in life we ought to be mindful of the obstacles that he met with and that he overcame, for all success is measurable; it is all comparative. We find that less than forty-four years ago this young man was born in Macon County, Ala., at a time when the fair land of the South was suffering acutely from a cruel and devastating war. He was born amidst devastation. The section of our great country from which he came was then about to undergo an industrial revolution—a change from slave labor to free labor—under which changed conditions doubtless the South has achieved greater industrial development than would have been possible under the old conditions. In short, we may say that Mr. THOMPSON was a child of the bloodiest war of the nineteenth century.

As soon as he had reached the age and growth that enabled him to see over the top of a business counter in his father's store he engaged in helping his father earn a livelihood for a large and growing family. He was put to work—aye, he went to work in his early youth gladly and willingly. The citizens of his town are fond of relating the story of his work, beginning when he was a barefooted boy and ending when he was a planter on a large scale, a

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successful banker, and an honored Member of Congress. We can not doubt that the experience and practice which he had, beginning in his early youth, equipped and trained him so that he became a successful business man. Doubtless the apparent hardship which the boy underwent enabled him to lay a foundation of that sterling character and led to large accomplishments—first in business and afterwards in politics.

This young man entered politics a few years ago, first by election to the State senate of Alabama. He there proved himself to be a wise and useful legislator, so that scarcely had his services as senator ended when he was chosen to come to this body, charged with making laws for our whole united country. He came here because he was ambitious to serve his State and country. No other inducement guided him, for he had amassed what is called a fortune in the South and a competency in any section of the country, and that, too, without ever having subjected himself even to a suspicion of a questionable dealing. Indeed, he was liberal and fair and businesslike in all his methods.

But, Mr. Speaker, there are others who know more about his business achievements than I do. I first learned to know Mr. THOMPSON well after he had entered the political arena. He did not have a collegiate education. He had little familiarity with polite literature. But he had a superior, God-given endowment. He had an incisive intellect, a quick perception, good judgment, and rare common sense. He brought all these gifts with him in his political life. It may be said of him that, perhaps, no

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man in this Congress has accomplished more in life, in the face of adverse circumstances, in a like number of years, than this young man accomplished. He would have been sent to the next Congress by the unanimous voice of his people. No man had dared rise up to oppose him. His death came as a shock and as grievous misfortune to his immediate constituents. Our friend has gone. We bless his memory and praise his noble qualities. We can do no more except to draw lessons and inspiration from his useful and honorable career.

He was a typical southerner, with all his warmth of heart, with all of his impulsiveness, and with all of his courage and honesty of purpose. He loved his people. He loved his State. He loved his country. He served all of them well and faithfully. A few weeks ago we took that which was mortal of him from this city down to Alabama, and on a sunlit plain we laid him away and covered his newly made grave with a profusion of flowers. He now sleeps a sleep that shall know no wakening until the resurrection morn. Rest, dear friend, in the bosom of your beloved mother State, and in that dear old community where the aged and the young, all the people, the white and the black, revere the memory, honor the good work, and are proud of the achievements of CHARLES W. THOMPSON. We laid him away in "God's acre," in his beloved Alabama, a land so fair and blessed of heaven, where even at night, under moonlit skies and amidst the evergreen boughs of the magnolia, the mocking bird sings in December.

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Address of Mr. Conner, of Iowa

Mr. Speaker: Death does not always come as a surprise. When by reason of extreme age or prolonged illness it claims one of our number we regard his removal as inevitable and soon become reconciled to it. It is like a reaper in a field of ripened grain, where we expect to find the golden harvest lying low after the sickle has passed. But when in the vigor of mature manhood a friend is suddenly stricken down we stand in mute surprise and are appalled. As we regain our mental poise and reflect calmly upon the situation the truth of the words so oft repeated comes to us: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Why some are taken and some are left, why the strong and vigorous fall and the frail and weak remain can no more be understood than why the lightning in the forest strikes a tree of vigorous growth and spares the one of lesser strength. These secrets are lodged only in the bosom of the Infinite, to be revealed in His own good time. In our weakness and frailty we can but speculate as to the purpose while following in a path whose course we do not know.

Little did anyone at the beginning of this session of Congress imagine that before its close we would be called upon to mourn the loss of Mr. Thompson. There was nothing in his appearance or manner or in the smile that played upon his face to indicate that he was soon to become

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a shining mark for death. It was perhaps better for him and for his friends that this unwelcome secret was veiled from sight.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. THOMPSON soon after he entered the Fifty-seventh Congress. He was from the South—a typical southerner. He loved the South and sought to have others share his affection for her institutions. He first on coming here made his home at a hotel where all the other Members of Congress were from the North and, as a rule, belonged to a different political party. And yet it was not long until he was the friend and associate of every Member living at the hotel, stranger that he was and affiliating with another party. His gracious manner, his warm and cordial nature endeared him to everyone who came into contact with him.

Political affiliations were forgotten, sectional differences sank out of sight, and the man and friend only were seen. He had a distinct and marked individuality. He carried about him an atmosphere which charmed and drew men unto him and held them in its embrace. He was a loyal friend, not for a day only, but for all time. He was frank and open in his life. He wished others to know more about him and his surroundings. He invited as his guests people from the North to visit his home, in order that they could better understand the conditions in the South. Those who accepted his invitation and enjoyed his hospitality were charmed with the simplicity of his life and the wealth of friendship that existed for him among all classes in his own State.

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He won at home as he did here, by his frank, open, and manly life. He was a faithful Representative and always loyal to his district and State. No Congressman was ever more alert to serve his constituents than Mr. THOMPSON. In his death his State and country lose a valuable Representative, his neighbors a true and loyal friend, while the loss to his family overshadows all others. And yet there comes to the stricken family a ray of hope in the thought that this son, this brother, this father has but passed out of sight, and that some time, some where, God in His goodness will bring about a reunion of mother, brother, and children, where death has no sting and the grave no victory.

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Address of Mr. Bowie, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: On this solemn occasion we all feel the same unfeigned regret. It is a sad duty which calls us together to-day. We come to pay our tribute and our respect to one who has gone from us.

The fate which overtook Mr. Thompson will sooner or later overtake us all. It is the universal law. The same summons comes with unerring certainty to the king in his palace and the peasant in his hovel. It has been so from the beginning; it will be so to the end. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

If this is true, as it undoubtedly is, why is it that mankind remains unaccustomed to the sight; that every new recurrence brings grief to many stricken hearts? Did anyone ever go but what there was some mourner at the funeral, some heart the sadder for the going? Death is not always feared or even regretted by the dying. To many it is a relief from toil and trouble, a passing over the river to the great beyond with peace and thankfulness. Why, then, do the living always shudder? Why does a convenient season never come to them for a loved one to go? The answer is a mystery which heaven has not revealed, but we all realize the truth of the impulse.

At any rate we always bow our heads in grief and drop a tear of sympathy over each new-made grave.

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And so to-day we meet together as a witness and a testimonial of our love and respect for our colleague and comrade who has passed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees.

The life of CHARLES W. THOMPSON is one to inspire and to lift up. Thrown upon his own resources with an unfinished education at an early age, he rose to the height of every occasion. He met and solved every task; he triumphed over every difficulty. He turned his attention to business in a small town where opportunities were few, and he succeeded. The injunction, "Whatsover thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," he obeyed to a literal degree.

Cut off as he was in the very prime and flower of a young manhood, he had succeeded in a marked degree in public life. As a member for four years in the State senate of Alabama he rendered able, conspicuous, and honorable service to his State. Elected to this Congress in November, 1900, he gave its duties here the same enthusiastic service which in private life and in the State senate had yielded such successful results. He had in a short period of three years accomplished much for the good of his people, and was making his impress felt upon national legislation. The life before him was full of promise and further usefulness. He was taken away in the very prime of life, even before his time.

No remarks upon his memory would be complete without recording the deep religious side of his nature. A member in the best standing of the Southern Methodist Church, his loss, I sincerely believe, was more widely

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felt by its ministers in Alabama than the loss of any of its lay members in recent years. It was well remarked by one of his friends on the occasion of his funeral services that his last public act in Alabama was to attend the conference of his church; and his last service in Washington was to attend services at the Mount Vernon Methodist Church in this city.

He died—I shall not say without regret, but certainly without fear and without complaint. He had a strong and abiding faith, even the faith of a little child. He felt it was not death at all, but simply a change. That that which was mortal was laid down, and with it pain and strife, and struggle and turmoil. That in its place was the immortal, and with it came peace and the happiness which passeth all understanding. Truly "Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

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Address of Mr. Smith, of Iowa

Mr. SPEAKER: Called one day to my western home, I bade Colonel THOMPSON good-by, leaving him apparently in the full enjoyment of health. Reaching my home I found the announcement of his death.

I was deeply shocked, for I had known and loved him well. From the time that he came to Washington we dwelt under the same roof, and I had been a visitor at his home at Tuskegee. Gen. Lew Wallace, in Ben Hur, puts substantially these words into the mouth of Judith:

> There never was a people that did not think itself at least the equal of any other; never a great people that did not think itself the very superior.

Bearing this in mind, it is not to be wondered at that citizens though we be of one common country we are all of us inclined to look upon our particular section as the most favored in this land.

Born as he was at about the time of the war between the States, Colonel THOMPSON bore no bitterness in his heart arising out of that strife. The estate of his family was well-nigh wrecked by that struggle, but he set himself about to build up the affairs of his family, and he succeeded.

He had, however, deeply embedded in him the convictions and the opinions of the people of his own section. His political allegiance was with that party there dominant. His convictions upon the race problem were the convictions in large measure of his people, and yet he was broad enough to realize that if the South must forever keep the black

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race there it was best for the South that all possible should be made of that race.

During his service in the legislature of Alabama he did not lend his sanction to the doctrine that any human being is better for being ignorant, but gave his generous support to the doubling of State appropriations for the maintenance of the famous institution located at his home.

While loyal to every southern sentiment and loyal to every southern tradition, he was of that broad mold of Henry W. Grady, of whom it was said that when he died he was literally loving the nation into peace. His death was premature, measured by earthly standards, and yet, measured by his achievements, his life was longer than that of most men.

His loss was felt by all who knew him, though when I heard of it I could not but feel most deeply for that dear, sweet-faced mother I had met in their home in Alabama. His sudden taking off is but another illustration of the fact that—

> There is not a wind that blows but brings with it some rainbow of promise. There is not a moment that flies but the sickle in the field of life reaps its thousands with their joys and cares.

Death was not feared by him. I never new a man of more simple and childlike Christian character. He came to this city with deep-seated convictions upon the subject of morality and religion, and without ostentatiously advertising them he lived all his days here in strict harmony with them.

Never did he depart from that standard of conduct which had been his in his little town at home. He went out of

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life in the full faith that he was going to a better world beyond, and surely we may join with him in that belief that—

Though with bowed and breaking hearts,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear his senseless dust to rest,
We know he is not dead.

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ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS, OF NORTH CAROLINA

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with feelings of profound sorrow and deep regret that I rise in this Chamber to pay a last sad tribute of respect to the memory or CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, and to lay upon his tomb in the fair State of Alabama, in our sunny Southland, my wreath of immortelles and my garland of flowers. Not only were the ties of friendship between myself and CHARLES W. THOMPSON strong, but the ties between North Carolinians and Alabamians, between the State of North Carolina and Alabama, are especially strong and numerous. Many of Alabama's citizens are of North Carolina descent. Some of North Carolina's citizens are of Alabama descent, including distinguished Representatives from both States upon this floor. The cities of Alabama, some of them, bear the names of our North Carolina cities. The names of Greensboro and of Newbern, my home, are also the names of Alabama cities.

Since Alabama was admitted into the Union in 1819 North Carolina has contributed largely to her population, and Alabama has honored many of North Carolina's sons. The distinguished William R. King, who was born in the county of Sampson, in my Congressional district, and who formerly represented North Carolina in this House, afterwards represented Alabama in the United States Senate, and from that good State was sent as minister to France,

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and became Vice-President of the United States. There are now residing in Alabama many distinguished citizens of "Tar heel" ancestry; many who have removed to that State from my State. Such men as Judge Thomas Ruffin Roulhac, United States district attorney; the Hon. Hannis Taylor, minister to Spain under Mr. Cleveland's Administration, a native of Newbern, N. C., and many other men eminent at the bar and in public life. Mr. THOMPSON himself bore the name of "Winston," a prominent North Carolina family, as well as of Alabama's beloved governor, John A. Winston. These facts may account in part for my own attachment to Alabama people and to her late Representative whose memory we honor to-day.

It is difficult, Mr. Speaker, for me to find appropriate language in which to express the shock and the sadness which the news of the death of CHARLES W. THOMPSON caused me. Since I have been a Member of this body, the greatest parliamentary assembly in the world, in the brief period of three terms of service here, I have seen many of the nation's most eminent men, including a President and Vice-President of the United States and great statesmen and political leaders, pass from the stage of action. The nation and the world have mourned their departure. But many of these—yes, most of these—have vanished from the scenes of earthly glory, honor, and triumphant success in the zenith of their fame and after many years of public service.

CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON had just begun his public career. In private life he was a successful planter, banker, and business man, and had accumulated a large income.

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In his public life he had served Alabama in the State senate, but his political career here was just beginning; and his service in Congress was a stepping stone only to other honors, including the governorship of his State, when, in a moment, suddenly and almost without warning,

God's finger touched him and he slept.

Coming in and going out among us in this Hall, sitting by my side during this Congress, full of life, hope, and happiness, looking forward eagerly, cheerfully, joyously into the future; seeing there no shadows, only the bright sunlight of peace and success, and in the vista of the years only still wider avenues of business enterprise, still higher honors in public life, still greater joy in living; in apparent good health, death's poisoned shaft pierced him in a night, and after a brief struggle my friend succumbed to the inevitable. He met with patient resignation and fortitude the divine decree; he faced death bravely, and closing his eyes upon the changing scenes of earth fell asleep to awake in heaven's eternal morning.

Closing his earthly career in his forty-fourth year, he had won success as a business man, an educator, a legislator, and a statesman, and in every capacity he was useful and honorable, and withal a Christian gentleman, popular with all classes and conditions of people in the community in which he lived, and beloved by them all.

We have often heard it said that a man dies when his work in the world is finished. The work of CHARLES W. THOMPSON seemed just to have begun. Why was it not to be completed? Wherefore was the stately column broken? By what theory, what reason, what philosophy,

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do you explain the sudden termination of a bright, happy, useful, and prosperous life?

It is said that our friend contracted the disease by which he was stricken in attending devoutly the services of his church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Wherefore, while evil men continue to live and flourish, should a good man die? These are questions constantly recurring when death strikes down a good man at our side; questions as old as the everlasting hills, as the philosophies of ancient times, as the teachings of the heathen philosophers, Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle, as old as human life itself, yet ever new and recurring like the mystery of death. The stoic answers, "We know not; let us endure without complaint." The epicurean answers, "We know not; life is brief, its ills are many, and so while we live let us live." The Christian answers, "It is the divine will, and we bow to the divine decree."

Whatever may be the solution of this great mystery and the answer to these questions, we can find no comfort when one whom we love and esteem meets an untimely end except in the thought that God, who controls the universe, who holds in the hollow of His hand the oceans, who counts the sands upon the seashore and numbers the stars of heaven, and yet who marks the flight and fall of the sparrow, knows what is best and does it; and though His divine decrees are immutable and mysterious, yet they affect men and nations alike and are the decrees of a loving Father.

Mr. Speaker, I am a predestinarian. I believe not that what is to be will be, but that when God wills, however

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untimely it may appear to us, then must events transpire and changes come in the lives of men and nations, and that His divine will is best.

The poet Whittier, in that grand poem "The eternal goodness," imagines some beautiful islands of the sea, unreal and far distant, which are full of beautiful flowers and rare exotics and joy and peace and sunshine, where it would be ecstacy merely to exist. Realizing the sin, the suffering, passions, changes, and chances of this mortal life, he longs for these beautiful islands of rest. He can not discover them, and so he patiently waits by the shore and listens for the sound of the muffled oar of the boat which is to bear him across the ocean's billows. He turns to his faith in the eternal goodness of God, exclaiming:

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I can not drift
> Beyond His love and care.

It is said that "death loves a shining mark." Certainly in the sudden death of Mr. THOMPSON was this exemplified. Successful, surrounded by friends, of good habits, and with the brightest prospects, the grim destroyer selected an illustrious victim. His aim was sure, swift, and deadly, and before we realized that the end was near, and although the most skillful medical aid in the country was summoned to his bedside, almost without warning his spirit winged its flight into the great beyond. The pale boatman, with his muffled oar, bore him across the waters to those beautiful isles of the sea upon whose shores break forever and forever the waves of eternity.

CHARLES W. THOMPSON possessed besides a knowledge

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and aptitude for business and politics a keen appreciation of all that was good, true, and beautiful in the world. He had a refinement and sensibility which led him to love and admire the best in art, literature, nature, and mankind. His soul abhorred vice and impurity of speech. He thought no evil; he believed good of everyone. He had a cheerful optimism, a wise conservatism, a belief in God and humanity; and a love for his fellow-men; a rare combination of qualities which made him popular with men of all parties and creeds. In Congress his career and speeches were especially notable in their purpose to endeavor to unite all sections of our common country and to obliterate all sectional feeling. He appealed for just consideration and accurate knowledge of the South and southern conditions.

In an eloquent speech which he made upon southern war claims, in which he urged the repeal of the fourth section of the Bowman Act, which bars the great bulk of southern claims for supplies furnished to or taken by Federal forces in the civil war, because it makes the claimant's loyalty to the United States Government during that war essential to the validity of his claim, Mr. THOMPSON made an earnest plea for the whole people of the South, for reconciliation and peace between all sections of the country, and showed the gross injustice of northern partisans in believing and treating the South as still disloyal to the Union.

I quote one paragraph from that speech. Mr. THOMPSON said:

> Southerners are as good citizens of the United States to-day as are the Northerners, and they should be treated as such by our laws. Our supplies

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were taken and used by the officers of the Government, and should be paid for. The South does her full share of the fighting for the Union. She does her full share of the work of the country. She bears her full share of the burdens of the country. She pays her full share of the $150,000,000 paid in pensions each year for Union soldiers. She is striving equally with the North for the honor, welfare, and advancement of the whole country. The two sections are in perfect unity, peace, and concord each with the other, and all acts inconsistent with this so desirable condition of affairs should be forthwith repealed. Think of the heroes of Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas in the Revolutionary war; the men who, almost starved, barefooted, and in rags, baffled the hosts of British regulars and won from them an unnumbered series of brilliant victories under Sumter and Marion. Remember the exploits of the Southerners under Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812, under Scott and Taylor in the Mexican war, and remember that when the Spanish war broke out the Southern Confederate veterans and their sons sprang with one accord to the defense of the Stars and Stripes and fought for the flag on sea and land with unsurpassed bravery and vigor. The man who held the fort at Habana was a Southerner and a nephew of Robert E. Lee. The first one to fall in that war was a Southerner, sealing his devotion to the Union with his heart's blood.

Such sentiments as these indicate the patriotic spirit of CHARLES W. THOMPSON. Mourned by his friends, the community in which he was reared and lived, the constituency by whom he was beloved and twice elected to Congress, and by all the citizens of Alabama, the body of CHARLES W. THOMPSON has returned to the dust of his native State and his brave and kindly soul to the God who gave it. May he rest in peace in Alabama's soil, there to await the resurrection morning and the "rising of the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings."

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Address of Mr. Rainey, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: The power of a great nation does not depend alone upon armies and fleets and the extent of its territory, but upon the honesty and worth and enthusiasm of its citizens. The material progress of a country depends to a large extent upon the integrity of the men who are elected to public office.

Charles Winston Thompson believed always in the idea that a public office is a public trust, which must always be administered with the same appreciation of the responsibilities involved as is required in the transaction of the ordinary business affairs of life.

As a Member of the Congress of the United States and in all the minor political offices he at various times filled he discharged his duties honestly, faithfully, and fearlessly, and with the same zeal and integrity that always characterized his transactions in the numerous business activities in which he was engaged.

He brought with him to this House all the enthusiasm of his young manhood. He has left here the impress of a strong, manly personality. Upon such men as Charles Winston Thompson depends, to a large extent, the welfare and material progress of our country.

He was born in the Southland when the two sections of our country were contending in the greatest civil war the world ever saw. He lived out his young manhood surrounded by the evidence of the changed and constantly

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changing conditions brought about by that conflict. The traditions of centuries had been destroyed. The labor system of great States had been overturned.

Amid the chaos which followed the war he grew to manhood. Living in the center of the "black belt" of Alabama, he had opportunities for the study of social conditions such as were presented to but few men. Fighting always, even in early youth, with a manful courage the battle of life, he soon learned to appreciate fully the difficulties which presented themselves in the attempt to solve the race problem in the South.

His material affairs prospered, and he was able to give much time to the study of this most important question. He made it his life work. The locality in which he lived was peculiarly fitted to develop in him the ideas he sought to impress upon Congress and upon the country.

The emancipation of the negro had left that race largely preponderating in his section. On account of this fact the great Tuskegee Institute was located there. This great institution, officered by negroes, has been successfully striving to uplift the race by training them in the industrial occupations. He was in entire sympathy with this work and rendered at all times valuable assistance.

Here in the village of Tuskegee he resided during all the years of his life. He has contributed much toward the solution of this great economic problem.

He was loved by all who knew him. His bright, cheerful disposition made him armies of friends wherever he went, among both the white and the black races.

> Sunshine was he in the winter day,
> And in the summer, coolness and shade.

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He was an honest, conscientious, enthusiastic, forceful man of action, always in the full possession of all his faculties. Such a man is the grandest object this world ever exhibits. To use the words of a great American orator, "The heavens in their magnificence, the ocean in its sublime immensity, mountains standing firm upon their granite foundations, all are less imposing than a living man in the possession of his highest faculties."

We have assembled here to-day to do honor to the memory of an honest, thoughtful man, who in his lifetime was a potent factor in the solution of great economic questions. Such a man while he lives is an inspiration to all who come within the sphere of his influence—

> And when he dies he leaves a lofty name;
> A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame.

The work he attempted to do can not be arrested by the cold hand of death. He started into forceful motion activities which will not stop with his death. Fifteen hundred years ago barbarians attempted to remove from the earth the influence of Athenian sculpture and they mutilated and buried the old Greek statues; but these great works of art live again, and during all the centuries have "kissed into being with their cold lips of marble" successive generations of artists, who have made the world ever more beautiful and have developed and uplifted human ideals.

Such a man as CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON lights up this old cheerless world and glorifies all he undertakes with bright hues brought down from heaven.

He was a true son of the Southland. He loved her history and her traditions; he loved the locality in which he was born and had always lived.

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He loved the flowers and the bright skies and the singing birds of his native State. He loved her almost perpetual summer, her balmy breezes, and her broad smiling landscapes. He loved the people who live there—young and old, white and black; he loved them all, and they loved him.

Death came in the full flush of youthful manhood, when for him the sun was still shining in the eastern sky and had not yet approached the meridian. Death is always sad, but it is less sad when the shadows of evening are gathering, and when a man has lived out the years of his mature manhood and is entering upon the infirmities of old age.

He died here in this capital at his post of duty, a victim to the severity of an unusually cold winter in Washington. I was one of the Members of this body who accompanied his remains to his native village. As the long train moved swiftly across parallels of latitude we soon began to realize that we had left behind us the land of snow and cold and were entering upon the sunny Southland.

I shall never forget the impressive scene which followed our arrival in his native village. The night was not far advanced, and from miles around his old friends had come to pay their tribute to his memory.

I can see yet the long procession up the village street, the heartfelt grief of his family and of the friends of his own race, the long lines of black men and women who stood respectfully, with uncovered heads, as we passed.

It was glorious springtime in the Southland. The air was laden with the fragrance of flowers; from the orchards

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came the song of the mocking bird. It was the season he loved best. CHARLIE THOMPSON had come home—back to the country he loved and to the people who loved him.

We covered his grave with flowers and left him there in the land he loved, under the blue sky of his native State, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing and the balmy breezes forever blow from the southern gulf.

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Address of Mr. Burnett, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: When Charles Winston Thompson's spirit took its flight from earth the world was poorer by its loss and heaven was richer by its gain.

I had known Mr. Thompson for several years before he was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, but we resided in different portions of the State, and my acquaintance with him was not intimate.

When he came to Congress our relations became closer, and I soon saw that in the noble heart of Charlie Thompson the storehouse of friendship was inexhaustible and the love of humanity was without stint or limit.

There was nothing small or mean in this good man's nature. God wrote upon his very brow the record of an honest man, a loyal heart, and a noble soul.

He came on during that period just after that terrible civil war, when southern homes were laid waste and poverty and distress stalked over our beloved State. He came from this school of adversity, rising step by step till he stood before his countrymen an example of what pluck, energy, industry, and honesty can do.

Mr. Speaker, the life and character and success of Charlie Thompson ought to be an inspiration to the poor boys of our land. No pampered son of fortune was he, but from middle life and without the advantages of a college education he rose to be the successful business man, the splendid Representative, and the honored

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Christian gentleman. His successful life shows to our struggling boys and young men that in free America there is no royal road to success, but that the door of opportunity is open to all alike.

It shows that in this grand Government of ours the plowboy upon the mountains of Alabama may reach the highest niche in the temple of honor, while the spoiled child of fortune may die in the gutter. It shows that perseverance and honest toil, aided by pluck and good judgment, have their just reward.

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time—
> Footprints, that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing shall take heart again.

But when success and honor came to Mr. THOMPSON he was not one who forgot the authors of his promotion. His heart was ever turning back to the humble homes of his people and he was never happier than when sounding the praises of those who were struggling to keep the wolf from the door.

How often is it, Mr. Speaker, that promotion and civic honors spoil those upon whom they are bestowed? That man has a cramped and narrow soul indeed who when honors are showered upon him forgets the people from whom they came. No man who has a grateful heart will ever do it, and CHARLIE THOMPSON was not the man whom success made bigger or better than his humblest constituent.

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The one great predominating characteristic of the heart of Mr. THOMPSON was his love of humanity. His broad soul knew no "pent-up Utica," but the world was his field, and the betterment of mankind was his prime object in life.

He loved the South and Alabama with all the deep affection of a devoted child for its mother, and yet his broad soul leaped beyond State borders and sectional lines and embraced even those who were his political adversaries.

This was illustrated during his first term in Congress, when he invited and secured several Members of Congress and other distinguished gentlemen and ladies from the North to go with him, and at his expense, to his beloved Southland that they might see the colored man as he is and meet the southern white man in his own hospitable home.

This excursion cost him over $1,000, and yet with no regrets did he ever contemplate it, as he realized that by this method his people became better known and better understood by those who knew little of conditions in the South.

Mr. THOMPSON was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and he was one among many other Members of Congress who brought his religion and his Christian life with him to Washington. He and I attended the same church in this city, and with myself and family he sat in the same pew and in the same class at Sunday school. For our teacher we had that noble Christian Alabamian, Judge Chambers, and Sunday after Sunday have I seen the countenance of our departed friend lighted with a sacred fire as he listened to the teachings of this man of God.

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Mr. THOMPSON had, by dint of his untiring energy and the exercise of his good judgment, accumulated a handsome fortune, as that term goes in the South; yet his purse strings were never tied against the calls of charity, humanity, or religion, and in eternity many a soul whose earthly wants he had relieved will rise up to call him blessed.

His life was a sweet benediction to his friends, and when death claimed him it left an aching void in the hearts of all who knew him.

As a citizen, as a business man, as a representative in the State senate and in the halls of Congress, as a dutiful son and a loving father, and as a Christian gentleman, he measured up to the ideal standard of the noblest work of God. He died, as he had lived, with a heart full of love for God and his fellow-man. To those about him in the hour and article of death he declared his perfect readiness to meet the future. Without a doubt or a shadow hovering about him, he stepped out into eternity, prepared to meet and face his God.

In the prime of a hopeful, successful, ambitious manhood he was called hence, and about his seat in this House and over his silent tomb there hovers the sweet recollections of a beautiful life. Tender and gentle as a woman, his heart ever beat responsive to the calls of humanity. Why is such a heart chilled by the icy touch of death, and such a spirit removed by the relentless hand of fate? He who doeth all things well alone can answer these solemn questions, and can tell His mysterious reasons for thus chastening our hearts and the hearts of his family. To our narrow visions it is strange and inscrutable.

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Just as he was reaching that period in life and public service when he could have done most for his people and for humanity our friend is snatched away, and we are left to gaze into the great beyond and wonder why "'twas thus." Such afflictions as this are often sent athwart our pathway to remind us that in the very midst of life we are in death, and to sound the note of warning—"prepare to meet thy God."

But his was a life well spent and crowned with good works and noble deeds. To his devoted Christian mother he left the memory of a dutiful son. To his children he left the heritage of an honest name and an unsullied character. To the church he left the wealth of a Christian life and the example of a Christian death.

To his people he left the record of a patriotic citizen and a faithful Representative. May the example of his life ever inspire his colleagues and friends to an earnest emulation of his virtues, and as we go forth from this solemn occasion may the recollection of CHARLIE THOMPSON fall ever as a beacon light upon the pathway of us who knew him and loved him. As the springtime flowers are laid by hands of a tender, loving mother upon the new-made grave of her departed boy, we point her to the bright spirit of that boy beckoning her and his children to follow him to the land of joy, and assure her that her grief is not as that of one who has no hope of future bliss, for, in the poet's words—

> The Healer is there, and His arms are around,
> And He leads them with tenderest care;
> And He shows them a star in that bright upper world,
> 'Tis their star shining brilliantly there.

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Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: Once more an angel messenger delivered his message to the House of Representatives, and the late Charles W. Thompson responded and took his departure. We have assembled upon this holy Sabbath afternoon to speak a word of just tribute to his memory and his works. He and I entered Congress at the beginning of the Fifty-seventh Congress. During that Congress I only knew him as a Member of the House. In the Fifty-eighth Congress we were assigned to work upon the Banking and Currency Committee, and there I knew him better and had more association with him.

In speaking of him to-day, however, I shall speak less of what I know myself and more of what those who knew him better and had had longer association with him testified to his worth and his merits; to speak that impressson that he made upon me and what I believed he was, in truth and in fact. First of all, I desire to say that he was a man of deep religious conviction. To say that he was a member of the church is not enough. True, he was a devoted member of the church, but there is more than church membership. In his heart, in his soul, in his being there was a deep, earnest conviction of his duty, his obligations, and his relationship to his God. He believed in the fatherhood of God, not abstractly, not simply that God was the Creator in the abstract of all

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things, but in the concrete that he was the Father of the human race.

It is a good thing, Mr. Speaker, to lodge in the human heart a belief in the fatherhood of God, and CHARLES W. THOMPSON had a deep and earnest and sincere conviction in this belief, and this belief made itself manifest in his life, in his conduct, and in his character. Again, Mr. Speaker, he was a man of broad humanitarian sympathies. All of us have our sympathies, all of us have our charitable thoughts, our kindly affections, our love for our friends, but there is more in life, there is more in sympathy than affection for an individual or kindness to a particular person.

There is a breadth, there is a broadness, there is a comprehensiveness in sympathy that reaches out and touches humanity, and CHARLES W. THOMPSON had that sympathy. He believed in the brotherhood of man. He touched elbows with humanity; his heart responded to the noble sentiments, the deep sympathy, the abiding confidence in the integrity, in the worth, and in the merit of humanity, and it was this belief, it was this broad humanitarian sympathy inspiring his life that interprets and sheds light upon his character and upon his worth as a man, as a citizen, and as a legislator.

He was also a successful man in the material business affairs of life, a man of sobriety, a man of energy, a man of industry, a man who properly and wisely appreciated the virtues that enter into and constitute the elements of life and of character. He did not believe that character was

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a haphazard matter, but he realized that it was constituted of elements, essential elements without which life was a failure, and that these elements of character were the virtues of life, and he put these virtues into practice.

He was not satisfied simply to believe in virtues, in the elements of character in the abstract, but he had a desire and an ambition to exemplify and illustrate these virtues in his daily walk, in his conversation, in the mode and the manner of his living and moving among men. As the result of this he enjoyed the confidence, the love, and the respect of the people of his home land and of his colleagues and associates in this Chamber. I shall not dwell upon that. Others who knew him longer and had associated more with him have borne witness to that phase of his life.

Let me only add that a man moved by such impulses, inspired by such inspirations, knew and realized and proved that "life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment."

I was one of the committee of this House appointed to attend his funeral at his home in Alabama. The esteem and respect of the people of his native State was indeed a beautiful and inspiring tribute to his worth and a noble monument to his memory.

In the midst of life death came to him, and he left us; and we stand here to-day asking ourselves why. Is death the end? If so, our aspirations are barren; our inspirations are fruitless. If death is the end, why should we cultivate the intellect to sweep out over a universe, to

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gather in the knowledge and the glory and grandeur of creation? If death is the end, why should we fill our hearts with the inspirations of love? Why should we link and bind our lives with the ties of friendship and hallowed association if it all comes to naught? If death is the end, why should we not seek only to gratify that within the grasp of our senses?

It is standing in the contemplation of scenes like this, in the shadow of lives like that of Mr. THOMPSON, that we can rise in the dignity of manhood, in the glory of such a character, and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that after this life I shall see God."

'Tis life, not death, I crave; more life, richer life, would I have. Here in this life, hemmed in by the senses, able to communicate only through the limited and narrow channels and avenues of sense; over there, untrammeled by the limitations of our physical senses in the life which he enjoys, we are in touch with the eternities—the eternities of time, the eternities of space, the eternities of opportunity, the eternities of accomplishment.

Oh, the little time that is allowed us here, when our ambitions, our calculations, our aims, and our purposes are cut short as illustrated by the life of this man! Encompassed by the limitations of time, the limitations of space, our sphere of action is so narrow we can extend our associations and friendships and obligations and duties only over a little territory.

Here opportunity, it is said, comes to us once only, and then it seems that we accomplish in the full, rounded,

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perfected sense so little. Is it not a comfort, as we measure life and character by such a standard as the life and character of this man, to find consolation in the thought of the life beyond, in the eternities of our opportunities and our accomplishments? Verily, these are the grandeur and the glory and the power of life.

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Address of Mr. Scarborough, of South Carolina

Mr. SPEAKER: Some one has truthfully said: "It is a pious office to scatter sweets over the tomb of departed worth." For that purpose we are met to-day. CHARLES W. THOMPSON is no longer a Member of this great American Congress, but his comrades on both sides of this Chamber esteem it a melancholy pleasure to turn from acrimonious debate and place among the archives of the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress their testimonials as to the character and worth of the lamented dead.

The death of our friend is another startling proof of the uncertainty of life. Neither exalted position nor wealth furnish any immunity against this dread visitation. Our friend had both, but in spite of that, and in spite of the services of skilled physicians, CHARLES W. THOMPSON heard a call that he could not disobey; his spirit passed beyond the shadows and mists of time, and his body sleeps in the land of his birth, where from day to day his dusty couch is watered by the tears of generous love.

I met Mr. THOMPSON at the opening of the Fifty-seventh Congress. We took the oath of office at the same time, I believe, lived at the same hotel, and sat near each other in this Hall. So I had some opportunity of knowing him.

I believe there is no life in which a man more surely makes his own place and maps out his own course than

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in this body. As some one remarked here in debate a few days ago, it matters not what a man may have been at home, no matter what social or political distinctions he may have won in some other arena, or what ability he may have shown in some other forum, when he becomes a Member of the House of Representatives he will be judged by the record he makes here.

Mr. THOMPSON attracted men not by brilliant speech or self-assertiveness, but rather by his gentleness and conservatism. He was a manly man. His was a bright face that wore a cheery smile, sure token of a genial, happy disposition, and a mind that entertained high ideals. The world is a mirror that reflects back our own image. Smile, and it smiles at you; weep, and it shows a tearful countenance. Changing the figure, some one has said that the world is a savings bank from which we can draw out only what we put in. No wonder, then, that our dead friend saw love and beauty and joy and gladness in the world, and wore a smile and had a hearty hand shake for those he met. He was in love with the world around him and with his fellow-men, and the world was in love with Mr. THOMPSON. He gave to his fellow-men the warmth of his sunny nature and they paid him back in his own coin.

As a legislator he was studious and purposeful. His ambition was to do right. A Southerner, he was typical of that section—loyal to its traditions and proud of its history. But he was not provincial; he was an American and loved the whole Union. As a business man he was unusually successful, and yet he was neither a bigot nor

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a Shylock. He gave his goods to feed the poor, and was delighted to be a steward of his Lord's money.

I had the honor of being one of the Congressional escort that went with his body to his much-loved Alabama home. It was a sad mission. The immense concourse of people, representing all classes and conditions, that followed his body to the grave was an eloquent tribute to his worth, and showed the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors. Only two weeks before he had told friends and loved ones good-by, after a brief visit to his home, and had, in apparently perfect health, resumed his duties here. Life seemed to spread out before him and years beckoned him forward, but he fell in the zenith of his manly strength, with the sun of life at high meridian. Measured by the highest standard of manhood, his life was not so short after all, for "he lives longest who lives best."

Let me speak briefly now of the most striking phase of Mr. THOMPSON'S character. He was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ and esteemed it an honor to be reckoned among the children of God.

The average man can easily conform to the requirements of the moral law at home, surrounded by Christian influences, but many men become lax in the observance of religious duty when they come to the capital and go with the multitude to do evil. Not so with our departed friend. We are told that the first Sunday after he arrived in Washington, at the opening of the Fifty-seventh Congress, he went to the church of his choice, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, put himself under the charge of the

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pastor, and then, Sunday after Sunday, when in Washington, he was found among the worshipers. No, he was not ashamed to be called a Christian.

When the shadows lengthened and the death dews settled on his pallid brow he told the minister, "I am not afraid to die." Who does not envy such heroism?

The great and wise of earth have weighed the planets, measured their orbits, and determined their revolutions; but none have been able to raise the shadows that hang around the tomb or say where will rest the soul when freed from this mortal casket.

And yet our friend, soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust in God, approached the King of Terrors in this final conflict and was not afraid.

He had heard "songs in the silence," and the God whom he had served forsook him not in that hour. Crowns and coronets, scepters and robes of office give no guaranty against the icy touch of death or any title to rest and home and life and joy beyond the grave. But in spite of wealth and high position and the seductive influences of official life, our friend had found the "open sesame."

Peace, peace, sweet peace,
  Wonderful gift from above—
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace,
  Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON, OF ALABAMA

Mr. SPEAKER: The simple tribute that I sorrowfully pay to-day to the memory of CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON is the sincere offering of my heart to a friend whom I honored and loved, and around his vacant seat on the floor of the House tenderly clings the loving memory of admiring friends.

At his home in Alabama, where he was born and reared, and where every opportunity was offered to study and learn his private and public life, it was there, and among those people, that the sudden ending of his useful and hopeful life was most deplored. They had watched him as he walked in and out before them, and they saw in his life the slow and gradual construction of a character that illustrates and typifies human nature in its highest forms.

It was not Mr. THOMPSON'S brilliancy of intellect or power of eloquence that challenged and secured the confidence and love of those who admired him, but it was the strength, heroism, truth, honesty, and virtue of his private and public life—his character—that made him the man we knew him to be. Armed as he was with these noble traits, he defied temptations and fought the great battle of life with honor and credit, whether the struggle came from within or without.

Mr. THOMPSON was a faithful and conscientious representative of the true interests and welfare of the people whose commission he bore in the halls of Congress.

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His standard of work and duty was the same in public as it was in private life. He knew no compromise, no hesitancy, when right and principle were involved. He was genial and social in his intercourse with his friends, always thoughtful and considerate of the views and feelings of others, and his heart was full of love and sympathy for his fellow-man. His life is a splendid exposition of those quiet, guiding precepts and principles which constitute the highest and best type of our citizenship. He crowned it all with a modest but a sublime Christian faith that easily stripped death of all terror to him.

I can not, Mr. Speaker, close these few remarks without referring to Mr. THOMPSON'S views and feelings on his broad and patriotic love of his country. It was no surprise to me, knowing him so well and intimately as I did, that a man of his methodical life and high business qualifications and mind was absolutely free from the touch of sectional feeling. He was in all matters a fervent southern man. He loved the South with all its splendid memories and traditions. He honored our heroes, but he yearned in his heart to see the once bitter memories coming from the great civil war forever buried and forgotten. And his life by act and precept encouraged this happy consummation.

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Address of Mr. Bankhead, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: Charles Winston Thompson, whose most inscrutable removal from among us we pause now to consider, was of a generation and of a part of our country which furnishes an interesting, and should be a most instructive, type in the study of the composite people who constitute the citizenship of this great Republic. He was born in Alabama in 1860. He was an Alabamian, a Southerner by birth, by heritage, by association, by sympathy, by impulse, and with purpose. He was born at a time when the Republic was on the verge of a convulsion of passion such as never before rent a national family into tragic dissension. He was of blood that was shed for his State and section. His childhood was spent in the little town in the heart of Alabama and in the heart of the Southern States which formed one side of the divided family of the nation. The blight of poverty, all the worst wreckage of that awful conflict of four years, was in evidence before his child eyes. He must needs, as his mind developed and his character formed, have been deeply impressed with all that he heard and all that he saw as to what home life meant, what community interest implied, what pride of State signified, and what love of country inspired.

It is not possible to conceive that in this little southern community in Tuskegee, in the heart of hearts of Southern States, where was rocked the cradle of secession, that

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CHARLIE THOMPSON, as a boy, could have heard a single sentiment that was contrary to devotion to home, to State, and to the South, for which his kinsmen and his neighbors fought, as they believed, for the preservation of the high, lofty, and humane principles upon which the Republic was founded. There could not have been, in the very nature of his home life, his childhood, his youth, his young manhood, one marring voice of sensible utterance that reflected harshly upon the valor, the virtue, and the integrity of the motives of the South in the national family strife. Yet we all do know that when CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON died in the blossom of manhood and the ripening fruitage of manful strength there died as pure an American patriot as has lived between boundary lines of land or far-apart ocean shores. He not only felt it, but he proved it, as we all know.

Successful from a humble beginning far beyond the success of many with better opportunities, helping others all along the way of his advancement, taking them with him by strength of hand and cheer of hope, no man in his community was before him in its confidence, its affection, and its respect. Necessarily his influence in any enterprise or measure for general effect in that community was unquestioned and unquestionable. Alabamian and Southerner as he was in habit, accent, sympathy, association, and education, that little southern community never heard from CHARLIE THOMPSON'S lips nor divined from his acts anything that was not brimming with the broadest patriotism. He thought much—probably most—of the genuine good of a really united country. He did not pause with the

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indulgence of sentiments pleasing to his moments of amiable reflection. He went to work, took pains, spent money he had earned in many a day of self-denial to bring about a better, saner, sounder, kindlier feeling between representative people of the North and South. He took them to his home and did them honor.

He showed them a community in which all interests and all races lived and worked together for good and progress. He showed them the most wonderful educational institution for the advancement of a people lately emerged from slavery ever placed upon the surface of the earth. He showed that institution, mighty for good, a school for the training of negroes, respected and flourishing, progressive and productive, among southern white people. He showed them beyond cavil that truer friends of the negro did not live in the world than here in the heart of Alabama, in the heart of hearts of the Southland. Having done that, can there be any sort of respectable question anywhere that CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON has done a great good for his people, for his State, for his section, and for his country? Cut off as he was in the very blossom of this noble generosity of purpose, we can but poignantly deplore his death. Yet gratefully shall we contemplate his memory for this great good that he has done. He deserved of the richest of the beatitudes pronounced for acts of men for the good of their fellow-men.

No respecter of fame or fortune belonging to any man, death has not hesitated to strike at palatial portals any more than at the hovel door of the humble. It cuts down a successful earthly career with a stroke as ruthless

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as that with which it smites to dust the last chance of him whose life has been a failure. If the continuously unfortunate go where "the weary are at rest," we consign his memory to eternal repose, with a sigh that means it is all for the best. But when he is taken from among us, to be gone forever, who but yesterday was strong, buoyant, sanguine; smiling over successes achieved and radiant with hope of triumphs to come; when such a man, moving among us and within a week is taken; his name stricken from among the list of living; all his high hopes as the dust with which he is soon to mingle; all his achievements but to be the solemn summing of an epitaph—then it is we are stricken with impotent awe and unavailing wonder. But young as he was, untimely taken as he was, CHARLES W. THOMPSON served his community, his State, and his country with an example worthy of emulation by the best blood that courses in the veins of American citizens.

He lived and loved to live with and for the things of good repute. He was a professor of the Christian faith, and no man more zealously, more diligently, more ardently sought to attain toward the perfection of its teachings than he. Suddenly smitten amid his duties and his pleasures, he was the first to realize that his work must cease and all his joys of living come at once to an end-all. Early in his illness—to the amazement of his friends—he gave them timely but the calmest of warnings that the worst might be expected in but a few hours. They absolutely scouted his admonition, thinking the infliction of pains soon to pass had raised his pulse

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and excited his imagination. It was not until the unmistakable shadow of death itself hung its dread pall about his pillow did any one of those who had sought to laugh away his fears realize the truth in a dumbness of ended hope. The grief of yesterday for our dead friend and colleague is to-day merged into a sense of exaltation, almost fraught with rejoicing, that his life, brief as it was, marked a career of generous usefulness, of high and noble purpose, and of love and charity for all men. His was the "white flower of a blameless life," and it was more. The flower left its seed to enrich the soil of character wherever right-living humanity is indigenous, wherever honesty, industry, and love of fellow-man may nourish and cause to bloom again and again the best that is in men—the immortal part.

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Address of Mr. Wiley, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: We stand in the shadow of a great sorrow. Again we are impressed with the solemn words of the poet:

> Oh, deep, enchanting prelude to repose,
> The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes;
> Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh
> It is a dread and awful thing to die.

Ebon-handed Death, with his relentless scythe, has again invaded our ranks and cut down a beloved colleague in the full pride and strength of a glorious young manhood.

On the 20th day of last month, at the hour of 4 o'clock p. m., his disembodied spirit winged its flight from the ills of life to a brighter and better home beyond the skies, to that—

> Mysterious world, untraveled by the sun,
> Where time's far-wandering tide has never run.

In his untimely death the State mourns one of her strongest and noblest sons. His illness was brief. Grief-stricken, we scarcely had occasion to gather around his sick bed before we were summoned to follow his body to the grave.

So buoyant and manly, strong and healthy, brave, loyal, and true was he that it never occurred to us to associate him with the idea of death. Better than any man I ever knew he appreciated the just relations between himself and others, the duties arising from them, and his obligations at all times to fulfill them.

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I was his intimate personal friend and loved him for those qualities of head and heart which endeared him to all who came into close contact with him. As a father, son, brother, neighbor, friend, church member, and patriotic citizen he discharged every duty cheerfully and with the approval of a good conscience.

Time robs us of our treasures one by one, leaving us nothing save our dead. The ways of God are inscrutable—past finding out. In the midst of a useful and honorable career, with a rainbow of promise spanning a brilliant future and glowing with prismatic colors of richest hue, it is beyond our finite comprehension to understand why the "dread summons" should come to him at an hour so inopportune. All our sorrows, it is said, have elements of good in them, and as "the swift shuttle passes" we catch bright glimpses of golden threads in the black web of our afflictions. Light and shade, good and evil, joy and sadness, sickness and health, life and death, cross and recross like warp and woof in the loom and weave up the eternal network of our destiny. But—

> Each hope and fear that blights the eye or clouds the brow
> Proclaims there is a happier sphere than this bleak world that holds us now.

From the almost inspired pen of Edmund Burke we have this memorable sentiment: "There is nothing in the world that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit." The moral qualities, the excellencies of character, of brave and loyal men have caused the torch of truth to come down from heaven to earth. Truth and courage are lordly virtues.

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They wear upon their heads the dignity and glory of kingly power; and when softened by charity, which is their loving mother, they become the superb crown of humanity—not imperious despots, but checked and tempered sovereigns of the soul.

CHARLES W. THOMPSON was a broad-gauged, progressive, liberty-loving American. He was not a theorist or pessimist. He was no literary vagrant, loitering about the soft places of indolence and ease. He was intensely practical. He did things. He accomplished results. With a Napoleonic grasp of the situation, he reached conclusions with unerring accuracy and apparently without conscious intermediate process. Earnestly patriotic, his ardent wish was to have all sectional lines obliterated, to behold the North, South, East, and West banded together in the common bonds of perpetual union and fraternal love. Direct in his methods, clear of comprehension, with a bright mind full of useful knowledge, fluent in speech, and graceful in manner, it was no marvel that in his public addresses he became so interesting and instructive that "the common people heard him gladly."

The Bible description of a Christian worker, "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord," precisely fitted him. He met the duties, responsibilities, and obligations of life with truth and courage, honor and manhood. It is the rugged highway that calls forth one's strength and not the valleys of sensuous ease. The fierce winds drive the roots of the giant oak deep down into the earth, so that it may resist the raging storms. Carlyle defined genius to be "a light of intelligence, of

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truth, and of all manfulness." This sort of genius craves recognition and appreciation. Merit does not voluntarily hide itself from the knowledge of men. It will live through the fire of persecution. It will break the shackles of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice. It will stand firm against adversity's howling tempests. Even prison walls and iron bars can not shut out its influence.

It was a doctrine of old paganism that the gods gave nothing to mortals without severe toil. Acting upon the principle that labor conquers all things and "time will bring its own reward," the splendid gentleman whose death we mourn to-day struck out for himself in the great ocean of busy life around him and struggled heroically with its waves. He proved himself strong and worthy; and his fellow-men were not slow in making the discovery, in properly appreciating his efforts, and in rewarding him according to his deserts. From obscurity to fame he fought his way, and his career demonstrates and illustrates the magnificent possibilities of American citizenship.

With a modest beginning in his native town of Tuskegee, he amassed a large fortune before he reached the age of 40 years. He did not enter the political arena until he had already achieved notable business successes. The first official position he held was that of State senator, and while serving in that capacity he was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress in a hotly contested race. He was returned to the Fifty-eighth Congress by a large majority, and would have been reelected without opposition to the Fifty-ninth Congress but for his sudden death. He was peculiarly adapted to public life. Enthusiastic in his

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affections, generous in nature, magnanimous in disposition, benevolent and public-spirited, tactful in the management of men and measures, tireless in energy, patient and painstaking in the conquest of details, he possessed, in addition to these characteristics, a magnetic personality, which enabled him to triumph in all his undertakings without surrendering one "jot or tittle" of his honest convictions.

Doctor Johnson has somewhere said: "He whose life has passed without a contest, who can neither boast success nor merit, and is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to his insensibility." There is not a person on earth who has not in him the power to do good. What men want is not talent so much as purpose; not so much the ability to achieve as the will to labor.

In little circles, it may be, we gather about us those who are bound to us by ties of affection or cemented by common rights and mutual interests. A man can not live for himself alone. Our fallen friend was literally the "archimedean lever" that moved the social, commercial, and religious thought and action of the community in which he was born. He had, of course, battles to fight and victories to win. He encountered difficulties and conquered them. He faced obstacles and surmounted them. A tree is known by the fruit it bears. A man is judged by the product of his labor.

According to every standard known to human experience by which earthly fame is measured we are forced to rank him among those who have compassed large results; but the make-up of this remarkable man can not be understood, nor a proper estimate be put upon his life

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and character, without taking into account the beneficent influence his devoted Christian mother exercised in his moral and religious training.

It was Madame de Stael who told Napoleon Bonaparte that if he wished to regenerate France he must first regenerate her mothers. A nation's glory or shame begins at the lullaby cradle, fondly rocked by an anxious mother's hand. It is an indisputable fact that scarcely any man has ever attained distinction in his chosen sphere who was not reared by a consecrated mother.

The tender love and consideration he always manifested for his mother was beautiful to contemplate. How proud she was of her worthy son—the idol of her heart, the "apple of her eye," and what a cruel blow was struck her when the "still small voice" coming from the realm of shade fell upon his ear and whispered: "Child of the dust, come away—come away."

When he left her to attend to his Congressional duties at Washington, imprinting a kiss upon her aged lips, health bloomed in his cheeks and joy laughed in his eyes; only two weeks later when he returned to her his body lay in a coffin. His image deep graven on her broken heart will remain "till memory be dead." He was her prop and support—her stay and hope. She had directed his youthful mind and guided his erring footsteps, and now, in her declining years, she delighted to lean on his loving breast; and he never failed her. His staff was her "comfort."

He was essentially a busy man; yet in the hurry and bustle incident to an active life he found time for the

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distribution of charities and benefactions with a liberal hand. He did not deem it a weakness to give sway to the influence of loving and sympathetic emotions. He preserved in his warm heart some green spots where the caravan wheels of the world never passed and where the hoofs of its carnival coursers never trod. His benevolences made life beautiful to many sorrow-stricken souls, bringing to them flowers and music and good cheer, and pouring into their weary hearts light and gladness, and sunshine.

But he has left us forever. Death, who knocks alike at the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor, unwilling to await the fruition of his earthly endeavors, has called this faithful public servant, this genial and gentle friend, "from labor to rest;" but he has not died in vain. His good deeds will live after him and inspire the youth of the land to emulate his well-rounded character. He leaves to the nation and his native State, to his family, kindred, and friends the legacy of an unsullied name. We mourn for a comrade lost; we grieve for a friend that is gone; but we will cherish the memory of his noble life, and emulate those lustrous virtues which incited him to lofty aspirations in his works and aims during his pilgrimage on earth, in his daily walk amongst his fellow-men. They have builded for him "a monument not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members who have not spoken, but who may desire to submit remarks upon the life and character of CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, have leave to print in the Record within such time as is usual.

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The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Now, in pursuance of the resolutions already adopted, and as a further mark of respect to the deceased Senator and Representatives, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 26 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

APRIL 26, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his able and faithful public services the Senate, at the conclusion of these exercises, will stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That the Secretary send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

MARCH 21, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message also announced that the Speaker had appointed Mr. Wiley, of Alabama; Mr. Clayton, Mr. Bowie, Mr. Padgett; Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee; Mr. Littlefield; Mr. Brown, of Wisconsin; Mr. Darragh; Mr. Williams, of

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Illinois; Mr. Hill, of Connecticut; Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Southard; Mr. Patterson, of North Carolina; Mr. Houston, and Mr. Aiken members of the committee on the part of the House.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE THOMPSON, OF ALABAMA.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions of the House of Representatives, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
March 21, 1904.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret of the untimely death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the Honse.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative of the Fifth district of the State of Alabama.

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Resolved, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to join a committee on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the President pro tempore appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate under the second resolution Mr. Morgan, Mr. Pettus, Mr. Culberson, Mr. McLaurin, Mr. Overman, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Dolliver.

Mr. PETTUS. Mr. President, I move that the Senate, as a further mark of respect, do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 22 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, March 22, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 25, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also transmitted to the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

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APRIL 25, 1904.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE THOMPSON.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I desire to state that at half past 4 o'clock to-day I shall ask the Senate to act on resolutions, responsive to the resolutions of the House, in respect to the life and public services of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

APRIL 25, 1904.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, understanding that the bill has gone over, I call attention to the notice I gave this morning that I would at this hour call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives commemorative of the life and career of the late Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
April 24, 1904.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of this House from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Alabama will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Alabama.

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Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his able and faithful public services the Senate, at the conclusion of these exercises, will stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That the Secretary send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

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Address of Mr. Morgan, of Alabama

Mr. President: The resolution of the House of Representatives, in which the Senate is asked to concur, will convey to the people of Alabama a gratifying expression of the regret of Congress at the loss of their young Representative, who was esteemed as an honorable and useful man and was sincerely beloved by them. They will thank Congress for this expression of their sympathy for the loss Alabama has sustained in the early death of Charles Winston Thompson. They will associate the honors bestowed on him in these obsequies with those that come with responsive grief from their own hearts, and they will cherish them as an honorable and sacred memorial.

Congress honors Mr. Thompson because he was a faithful public servant, and the people of Alabama honor him for that cause and because they loved him.

He was not peculiar among his fellows and associates for distinguished abilities and achievements, but his life was an example of manly worth and moral integrity that reflects honor upon his people and entitles him to their affectionate remembrance. He was a true example of their religious, social, and industrial life, and a representative of the convictions and principles they adopt as their guides in their participation in the affairs of State and National Government.

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He attained to this representative character, which he won without the aid of favoring circumstances, by his strong traits of personal character, his own courageous spirit, and his upright manner of living.

The young people of the white race of the South at the period of his childhood had an environment of difficulties in all that surrounded them that has had no parallel in history. I mention this to illustrate his success in life, as being due to Mr. THOMPSON'S strength of character and to the approval of the scrutinizing judgment of the people who knew his course of conduct and rewarded him with distinguished marks of their confidence.

Great numbers of the young men and women of the South have endured the same tests with like results, but not with like distinction in public affairs, for few have sought such opportunities; but they comprise constituencies that are not excelled for good sense, useful knowledge, and true excellence of character by any of the communities in this great Republic, which means by any in the world. At the time when this youth entered upon the work of his life the new era had supplanted the old and had nearly extinguished all that had been created and established by the labors of man in the South, until only the soil and the skeleton of civil government and the ashes of movable property remained.

The white people, unused to labor, and their former African slaves were brought into unequal competition in physical toil and endurance, and were rated as equal participants in the inheritance of civil power in the governments that were established alone by the white race. The real

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struggle of their children was for existence, and there was little hope that they could successfully aspire to the enjoyment of the honorable influence that their fathers had possessed.

This was a desperate outlook for boys and girls born in that era. Yet wonderful success has been accomplished by them, which is only the precursor of greater achievements, and an applauding world looks on with pleasure and seeks to know the cause of the triumphant restoration of the white race in the South that now seems to be assured. The first answer to the inquiry is that it is in the blood of the race; but the supreme answer is that the All-Wise Creator, having assigned to the white race the leadership in Christian civilization, has qualified His people thus chosen for the task with the power to overcome opposition, to remove obstructions from the path of duty, and to defy all forms of oppression and antagonism that may impede their progress.

These traits we call "virtues," and it is a true name for the fruits of a gift that is really divine.

In no place are these blessed fruits richer or more abundant than in the homes of the southern farmers. The matrons and the daughters who minister in these domestic sanctuaries keep the sacred fires of liberty and of pure and philanthropic affection forever aflame on their simple altars, whose incense ascends to heaven and pleads for truth, justice, sincerity, courage, charity, and peace. Their prayers are not without answer, and the whole country smiles under the benediction.

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It was in such a household that CHARLES W. THOMPSON was born and reared.

The modest fortune of the family had vanished in the conflicts of civil war; but his heart did not fail him, and he did not shrink from toil. He put forth the strength and courage that have the simple name of "duty" in the ritual of the domestic fireside — first, duty to God, and then to the family, and then to the country — and he measured the whole meaning of that injunction, and fearlessly he took up his task.

There is one yet living who remembers how she almost despaired when her boy first bent his shoulders to the task whose burden she had borne through so many trials.

That one is his mother. But she also knows that he had help that came not from human hands, and that she had begged it from One who never closes His ear to a faithful mother's plea. In such homes, with such family surroundings, men are born and nurtured upon whom the State can always lean with confidence in peace or war, at the voting booth, in legislative assemblies, on the bench, or in the executive offices.

They are the men whose public official servants create and administer the laws by their authority, and their test of civic virtue has always been that obedience to law is the highest duty of citizenship, and that he who refuses to obey the laws is not fit to be intrusted with their enactment.

It is such a constituency that Mr. THOMPSON represented.

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It has been my good fortune to represent that constituency, in part, for nearly thirty years in the Senate. In that time I have enjoyed the honor of a near association with those who are not inferior to the men of any assemblage in the world, and no honor could be greater than a kindly welcome by them. But, even in the Senate, I have not found any whose respect and approbation I value above that of this splendid constituency.

To have the approval of such people while living and their affectionate remembrance after death is the high reward that Mr. THOMPSON has earned by a modest, simple, and true life devoted to duty.

I need not recount the history of his youth and early manhood. It was uneventful, in the sense that it attracted little attention from those who attach small importance to a career that is not accentuated by unusual adventures or extraordinary success or failure.

The southern pine that finally lifts its plumes high above the hills and plains is not less grand because it is not conspicuous among the millions that surround it in the great forests. Mr. THOMPSON grew up among men like himself, and he felt that it was honor enough to be their equal and to enjoy their confidence and approbation.

In their service and with their encouragement it was natural that he should be proud of the public trusts they confided to his care, and that he should hereafter aspire to official station, in which he felt that he could render a service to the people which would draw him into closer relations to their domestic welfare than he would hold to them as their Representative in Congress.

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Some incidents attending the week of the fatal illness of Mr. THOMPSON point to the plan of public life which he preferred and illustrate the strongest motives that controlled his conduct as a man in his social and political relations.

On the last Sabbath of his life he worshiped, in the morning and evening services, at the Mount Vernon Methodist Church in Washington, and was found to be violently ill with pneumonia on his return to his hotel at night. He suffered severely, but patiently. His thoughts were busy with the sudden change that was about to occur, as to which he had no doubt. He had no distressing fears of the presence of death in respect of his future being. He had no sudden preparation to make, for he had "cast an anchor within the veil" in early life, and he had no dread of shipwreck on the ocean of eternity.

He had cherished the desire to lead a life of usefulness and the aspiration that it might be a life of service to his State, as the great embodiment of the sovereignty of the people of Alabama, for whom he had profound reverence and the strongest sense of loyalty.

He had served the people faithfully, according to his opportunity, in the Congress of the United States, and had, in an unusual degree, gained the confidence and the admiration of the Representatives from other States and the high regard and esteem of his colleagues from Alabama.

Having a substantial fortune, which he had earned laboriously and honestly in useful business pursuits, he was not tempted by any mercenary motives to pursue a

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political career, but his success in Congress had been honorable and, doubtless, it incited him to further effort to become prominent and influential in the councils of the United States. But when he thought of the disappointment that his early death was about to bring to his most cherished earthly hopes and aspirations he spoke to his nurse about the chiefest of these, the one fond expectation that had its strongest hold upon his heart. He said, "I had hoped to live to become the governor of Alabama."

Turning from the hopes of prominence in the national service and putting aside its allurements, he followed the guidance of his sound judgment and true heart and found in their teachings that in his love of Alabama and in his devotion to the service of the State he would, in return, gain the warmer affections of a noble and generous people, and in their service he would find the reward that he coveted.

I am deeply gratified that in his last hours the heart of this young Alabamian turned to the sovereign State to which his first and highest allegiance was due with yearning for longer life, that he might labor more effectively in the service of our people. This is the instinct and the worthy ambition of every true son of Alabama.

Mr. THOMPSON was born in Macon County, Ala., December 30, 1860, where he resided during his life. In the forty years following the organization and establishment of State government in Alabama, Macon County was a center of the highest and best social influences, and it contributed powerful and noble men and women

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to the service of a true Christian civilization. Not many were very rich and none were very poor or even so deficient in the comforts of an independent living as to create a line of social distinction relating to the ownership of property.

Such a just and happy balance of social conditions always insures the contentment of the people and their development on the basis of personal merit. This social condition in the South has afforded room and sustentation for the growth of many of its noblest men and women.

The standard of merit and social distinction there has not been the possession of wealth or the inheritance of ancestral fame. It has been adjusted by personal worth and uprightness of character.

The county of Macon and the neighboring country was settled by enterprising immigrants from all of the old thirteen States, and their children are Americans in the best sense of that high calling. Mr. THOMPSON was born of a parentage that had no special claims to distinctions in talents or letters or in public service, and no property that had not been earned by honest industry, and no accomplishments that were not the simple but beautiful decorations of pure and virtuous lives, and no religion that could not have an altar in every respectable home and a controlling influence for good in every action and emotion.

The time of his birth was in the period of the great civil war. At its close he and all the children of the South who still had the spirit of their fathers and mothers had to look through the smoke of battle and conflagration

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to catch a glimpse of the star of hope that still shone dimly and with uncertain light on the dark horizon of the future. But that generation has not failed to heed its light or to follow its leading. "The resurrection and the life" are given to all men that die, but the children of the South were compelled to fight different and, in the sense of suffering, harder battles than their fathers had won or lost for the chance of a new life that would carry in its horoscope the future liberties and the prestige of the race to which they and their fathers belonged.

Mr. THOMPSON was of that great number and, as many thousands have done, he searched among the ruins for the material and the tools with which to rebuild wrecked fortunes and the places of habitation. Through dint of the blood and spirit they inherited, and through faith in God, whose service they love, they have surmounted almost the last obstacle to their restoration.

The deliverance of the South from the curse entailed upon us by the covetousness of people foreign to us, which for centuries has brooded over the fairest land in the world, will not be long delayed, and his comrades and contemporaries lament that he passed away without having witnessed the opening triumph of the movement in which he labored so earnestly.

His greatest honors will not be written on historical pages or on monuments dedicated to his memory. They live, and will continue to live, in the hearts of those who knew him best—his neighbors and associates.

He died in the Lenten season, on the 20th of March, 1904, when the Christian world contemplates suffering and

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death—the winter season of penitence, the season when faith looks forward to the springtime of a new life. He died in the budding season of hope, when, seeking a new life freed from the decay of the old life and the moldering cerements of the tomb, the souls of men begin to take courage and even to rejoice in the hope of life everlasting.

It was in the quickening power of this season that a daughter of Alabama perceived and declared, through the single sense of touch, which was the only means of communication with the outer world that was left to her, the truth of the divine promise of the resurrection and the new life, and gave her conception of the " Easter season " to the world.

Her exquisite delineation of immortality could not have been the result of teaching, but of inward thought. It is so clear that it demonstrates its truth. It is the inward thought of a pure soul that had no possible guide but that of her own conception of the truth that could lead her thoughts to its discovery through the processes of reasoning. It requires more than all the senses to comprehend a life after death, and Helen Keller had only the sense of touch, yet she comprehends this mystery. Her inspiration is the true work of faith, aside from revelation.

Helen Keller's knowledge of death is as certain as if she had seen others die, and her knowledge of the life to come is an act of faith no less convincing to her inward consciousness. This knowledge may not be an inspiration given to this wonderful girl. It is, however, an inward consciousness—an act of faith—that, in some

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form and at some time, convinces every sentient human being.

This young woman was born and nurtured in the circle I have described as being neither rich nor poor, nor great, nor yet unknown. Her kindred are among the pillars of society in Alabama—the heads of good families, of which the strength and distribution resembles that of the sturdy oaks of the forests of the South. It is only a fitting tribute to one who appreciated the grand and beautiful sermon of Helen Keller's life, and who revered her almost as if she was an angel of light, to quote from her "Spirit of Easter" these lines of thought expressed by her touch, that recall the tongues of pentecostal flame. They are words of appropriate farewell from Alabama to her worthy son:

> Belief in eternal life compels us to believe in good deeds and honest thoughts.
>
> The good man toils not for to-day, not for to-morrow alone, but because he knows that his labor shall survive long after his hand has fallen from the plow.
>
> The good man pours himself into the world and makes it new. He is, among the blessed who win sight out of blindness, order out of chaos, and life out of death.

These thoughts, I believe, define the purpose of the life work of the worthy son of Alabama whose obsequies the Senate is now celebrating, and I quote them as a legend appropriate for his tomb.

Let the people of Alabama feel in this hour of sad reflection the safe assurance of restoration to their former dignity and power that must come and will come through the virtues and labors of their sons and daughters.

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Let them read and understand their future in the light of these prophetic words of the beloved daughter, Helen Keller:

> Since the first Easter morning the soul of man has shown with unwasting light; for then he looked into the radiant face of the risen Christ and knew that God's universe shapes itself not to destruction, but to a yet more glorious genesis.
>
> Out of night He bringeth day and out of death life everlasting.

Alabama has passed the darkness of the night. "The bars of night are broken." "The bird is on the wing," and the breaking of the dawn heralds the returning sun that cheered our fathers in the days when they met dangers on the halfway ground and accepted distress as a sacrifice due to their convictions of duty.

I find pleasure and, I hope, profit to the young men of Alabama in stating the grounds—the basis on which the people of that State placed their sincere affection for CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

It was not that he was considered a "model man," in whose life and example there was no flaw or occasion for criticism. He did not so regard himself, nor did he believe or aspire to the hope in respect of which personal vanity so often misleads excellent young men—the hope of being able, without divine help, to fashion character into the full stature and perfect development of a model man.

He has left a good example, well established by a modest, sincere, useful, and honorable career.

He has done as much at 44 years of age to gain the confidence of his neighbors and the admiration and applause of the people of a great State as very able men of greater age have accomplished.

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Measured by such a standard, which, after all, is very high, CHARLES W. THOMPSON must be ranked with the men to whom the people attribute greatness and goodness as their grateful reward for faithful public service. He was not conspicuous for the brilliancy of such intellectual powers as captivate audiences by special gifts of oratory, or for the wisdom of utterances that will become standards of thought for coming generations; but, better than this, he taught by his example and his words of good counsel through which his influence for good is a permanent and enduring work.

His life was a steady, reliable light, that did not flame out at times with extraordinary brightness, but, in its uniform glow, guided many into the better ways of life and the people in safe roads to prosperity. It was not a false life, that allured his associates into evil, but a true light that all could follow without respect to their condition in life.

Men who have reached the period of longevity and experience where the present is the point of retrospection and the future is admeasured by the past realize that a good life, though it may be brief, is the most precious gift that a man can bequeath to his successors.

The life of Mr. THOMPSON is such a gift to his associates and to his constituents, and, lamenting its early close, they cherish the value of his excellent work and feel that his loss is a public bereavement.

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Address of Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa

Mr. President: I have often reflected upon that limitation on our lives here which, notwithstanding the opportunities for personal acquaintance, narrows our opportunities for that intimate knowledge of other men which is essential to a just estimate of their character and of their services.

I count it one of the fortunate things of my public life here that I had the means in an unusual measure to learn of the ideals and achievements of the Member of the House of Representatives to whose memory we are now paying our tribute. I sought his acquaintance, because, upon meeting him by chance, I found in him the type of what appeared to me to be a very large and broad public service. I found that he was thinking and dealing with those questions that lie nearest to our national life.

He had been born, as I myself had been, in a Southern State, at the very time of the outbreak of the civil war, in the midst of which so many of the institutions of our people either perished or were so transformed as to be hardly recognizable; and I think by that circumstance I was drawn near to this man. I found him thinking and talking and working for a better understanding between the sections of our common country. He had not shared the passions of the period of civil strife, and as he came to manhood he recognized that the welfare of the Republic, North and South, required a more perfect unity in thought and in feeling.

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So, among the first things to which he devoted himself on coming to the national capital was to contribute to that better understanding between his own people and the people of the North. He understood that the old questions were all gone, and that nothing remained to fortify the old prejudices except the want of knowledge which usually lies at the basis of all prejudice.

Among the first things he did as a Member of the House of Representatives was to invite his colleagues from other sections of the country to go with him upon a journey to his own home and partake of the hospitality of the community in the midst of which he had been reared. More than two score of his friends and acquaintances in both Houses of Congress went with him to Alabama, and the most beautiful thing about the man appeared to be the modest pride and dignity with which he took these strangers into the hearts and homes of the neighborhood in which he had lived all his life.

He was proud of the old State, proud of her people, proud of her progress, and anxious that others should know and appreciate them as he appreciated them.

I can imagine no better service that could be rendered to the people of the United States than a systematic effort to introduce every section of our country to every other section. I know of nothing that would more swiftly and more perfectly extinguish the prejudices and misunderstandings which may linger even for generations in a country with such scattered interests as ours.

He was not only anxious that the people of the North should know and appreciate the people of his own State,

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but he had special interest in bringing strangers from other sections of the country into contact with the really great and troublesome questions with which his people had to deal.

I have met no man, either in public or private life, who recognized more clearly that the great question with which the American people have to do in the next century is the question arising from the presence among us of 10,000,000 people once slaves, now free men, and standing in the midst of a republic, looking for their opening and prospect in life.

We have had in the last few years a good deal of discussion, much of it helpful, but much of it, I regret to say, harmful, as to what to do with these 10,000,000 people. From an intimate acquaintance with Mr. THOMPSON, I believe he comprehended that problem more perfectly than any of his contemporaries, or at least his comprehension of it was so simple and so effective as to be intelligible to those with whom he expressed his views and opinions.

He was a believer in the education of the South. He had secured what intellectual training he had in the common schools and academies and business colleges of the community in which he was brought up. He began his career in early manhood as a teacher and as a superintendent of public instruction in the community in which he lived. He knew, and lost no opportunity to emphasize the fact, that the salvation of the community in which he lived and the salvation of the whole country lies in that form of education which qualifies the ignorant and illiterate

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for the larger responsibilities that belong to citizenship in the United States.

So he devoted himself in all those years to a study of the question of bringing to the black race in the South that kind of education which would enable them to master their situation, to acquire property, and attain a substantial relation to the business community. With the best interests of both races in his heart, he saw that the task before him was to prepare the black people for the everyday duties of life, so that at length they might come naturally to the exercise of those rights which can not be permanently withheld under our form of government.

His heart was enlisted in the cause of industrial education for the white people of the South because he saw what has been so graphically described by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Morgan], that the civil war left the South prostrate, its occupations suspended, and the savings of generations wasted.

But he did not confine his activities or his sympathies to the white race. He had a glimpse of the larger philosophy of this world which recognizes that there can not be permanently in a country like ours two levels of civilization; that ultimately there will be one level, and that the lowest. And so he bent himself to the task of lifting an outcast and backward race from the degradation in which the civil war left it, by means of such a training as would fit it for the active duties of life.

He gave his sympathy and counsel and his money to the great experiment which is going on in the town in

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which he lived which is intended to fit the leaders, at least, of the colored race in the South for that guidance of their people without which all their proper rights under our institutions are vain and insubstantial.

He not only gave that far-reaching enterprise his good will, but out of the abundance with which the Lord had prospered him he gave his money and his constant support.

I believe that he better than anybody else, certainly better than anybody whom I have come in contact with, comprehended his problem; and while others who have studied it with less sympathy and less insight have been prone to disparage the work to which he gave his countenance and assistance, the time is coming when the benign work in which the Tuskegee Institute is engaged will be recognized all over the United States as the real emancipation of a race, the final deliverance of a people.

It has been a good many years since I have cherished even a passing animosity left over from the period of the civil war. It has been a good many years since I have felt in my heart any unkindness toward the people of the South. I recognize the fact that while the problem is not altogether theirs, but a problem of our whole civilization, the work of solving it in the nature of the case must be largely theirs. I take this opportunity of paying my tribute to Representative THOMPSON as the foremost man of the South in his leadership in the right direction where the interest of the negro race is involved.

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His public service was brief, I think all too brief for his fame and for the fruition of the plans which he had in contemplation for the good of his people. They loved him and trusted him as few public men have been loved and trusted by any constituency. It was the unanimous testimony of those who went down to his home to stand with his neighbors by his grave that in all their experience they had never attended a funeral ceremony in which the hearts of all were touched by an affliction so evident and so grevious.

He was a man of wealth, a successful merchant, banker, and planter in that old community in which his ancestors had lived. Yet about his grave gathered the poor, the humble, black as well as white, and the universal sorrow of all attested the hold which his life had given him upon the affections of his people.

Such a career, even if it be brief, even if its conspicuous service be for only a few months, has no real ending in this world. Its final account can not be rendered until the good influences which he set on foot shall have fulfilled their errand, until the works of philanthropy and charity to which he gave his sympathy and his support have finished their ministry among the people whom they were intended to help. While his public life was cut short by death, the usefulness of the man has no end in this world, though his reward, as the reward of all faithful living, has come after the brief labors and trials of this strange life are over.

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Address of Mr. Berry, of Arkansas

Mr. President: Mr. Thompson was serving his second term in Congress at the time of his death. While I had met him in a casual way during his first term, I never knew him until the beginning of this session, when he came to live in the hotel where I have boarded for a number of years. During the entire winter I came in daily contact with him. We had frequent conversations on various subjects. There was scarcely a day passed in which I did not learn to know him better and to have a higher regard and a greater respect each day as the relations continued.

I think because I was a native of the State in which he lived we were thrown together more frequently, with a few exceptions, than I have been with any Member who does not live in my own State. As I learned to know him he impressed me as being earnest, kindly, considerate of the feelings of every human being with whom he came in contact, as a man who sought to contribute to the happiness of all those who surrounded him.

I learned in the conversations I had with him that his whole mind was devoted to the building up of the Southern States, and especially of the State of Alabama. He belonged to that progressive school which sought to bring immigration from every quarter, who earnestly

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sought to develop every resource within the great State in which he lived; and, as the Senator from Iowa [Mr. Dolliver] has just said, one of the great purposes he had in life was to bring about a more kindly feeling among all sections of the Union.

It may be that his mind did not so often revert and he did not so often speak of the suffering days of the past as some others who participated in that great strife, and yet I learned from him that whatever was honorable and whatever was glorious in the record of his State, either in peace or in war, was a source of pride and gratification to him; and he often spoke of the great men who had represented Alabama in this and the other House. But that which impressed me most about him was his universally kindly disposition, his high moral character, and his constant habit of trying to contribute to the happiness and to the good feeling which might exist between those with whom he came in contact.

It was a great shock to those of us living in that hotel when on that Sabbath evening the word went forth that CHARLIE THOMPSON was dying. We could scarcely realize that the man with whom we had come in daily contact for so many months, whom we had seen on the previous Sabbath as he attended church, and whom we had met in the parlor in the evening after his return—that in one short week, on the following Sabbath, his life was passing away.

When his friends were gathered about him on that Sunday evening; when his youngest boy, a mere lad, stood weeping by the bedside; and when the father had

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passed away, there came from the youth heartbroken sobs, and he asked the question: "Why has my father died?" The thought came to me that the same question for ages past has been asked, and asked in vain. The widowed wife, the devoted mother, the loving daughter, the faithful son, had often, as they stood at the deathbed of a loved one, asked: "Why has he died?" But no answer has ever come.

We only know that sooner or later death will come to us all, but where and when and why none can tell. There is no answer to the question. But if a man has so lived that he has faithfully discharged all his duties, he leaves to his children the inheritance of a good name, which far surpasses all the accumulated wealth of this world.

As the years go on, and those two boys who are left behind remember the high and lofty character of their father, the splendid life he lived, his freedom from all that was evil, and his attempt to promote all that was good, I think it will be a gratification to them to know that that father was honored and respected by every man who ever came in contact with him.

I think, too, Mr. President, it will be a comfort and consolation to them also to remember that in his dying hours, so long as his mind remained clear, his faith never faltered, his hope was never shaken, but that he believed in his death, as he believed in his life, in the truths of the Christian religion which he had learned from his mother and which he had taught to the two boys he left behind.

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Address of Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois

Mr. President: I was a Member of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-seventh Congress. It was my last service in that body. Mr. Thompson was first elected to that Congress, and I knew him only as one of the new Members. During my service in the House in the Congress in which he was a Member there was but little opportunity for him to show the qualities of statesmanship that he undoubtedly possessed. His relations with the Members, however, on both sides of the Chamber were such as to early make him one of the marked men among the new Members.

That he achieved a good standing is evidenced from the fact that in the committee assignments of the Fifty-eighth Congress Speaker Cannon placed him upon the important Committee of Banking and Currency.

Mr. Thompson had not yet reached his forty-fourth year when death claimed him. He had not yet reached the maturity of his intellectual powers, but his service in Congress had already given earnest of a very useful and distinguished public career.

Alabama has long been fortunate in the choice of her representatives in both branches of Congress. In the Senate, Senators Morgan and Pettus are both men not only of distinguished ability and ripe experience in the affairs of life as well as legislation, but men of great

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learning, who maintain the high character of the service in this Chamber which that great State has always exacted of her Senators.

The people in a number of the districts in that State have appreciated the advantages that come from long service of their Representatives and have been amply repaid by the distinguished ability and fidelity to them which has been shown by such Representatives as Messrs. Bankhead, Clayton, Burnett, Richardson, and Underwood. The long service that these men have had in the House of Representatives has given them favorable committee assignments and has enabled them to accomplish more for their districts and their State than could be accomplished by rotation in the membership of the House from that State regardless of the distinguished abilities that any new Member might possess.

The Members whom I have named have not only been loyal to their several districts, but have been keenly alive to the interests of Alabama and the entire Southland on all questions affecting that section, and have been thoroughly patriotic in their support of the General Government. Mr. THOMPSON gave promise of taking rank with these Members in the House on all questions of general legislation, and especially on all questions that affected his district and State.

His life and career illustrate the possibilities of American citizenship. He first saw the light of day on a plantation in Macon County, near Tuskegee, Ala. His childhood years were filled with incidents that are common to the life of the average American boy. He early

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developed an ambition to gain an education and to improve his condition in life. After acquiring all the education that could be secured in the common schools of the county in which he was born he went to Tuskegee and there attended the Park High School, studying many of the higher branches of education and qualifying himself for the work which fortune had destined him to undertake in after life.

He was successful in all of his undertakings. He was a large owner of real estate and took an earnest interest in improving the condition of farm life in Alabama. He was also a business man of rare ability, and at the time of his decease was the president of the bank at Tuskegee. Like most American citizens, he early took an interest in politics. The first political office that he ever held was that of county superintendent of education of Macon County, his native county. He was elected to this position when he was only 26 years of age and held it for two years, discharging his duties in a manner that was not only satisfactory to his constituency, but creditable to himself.

For the next ten years he devoted his attention to his plantations and to his business, in which he was eminently successful. When he again essayed to enter political life, it was to represent the twenty-sixth senatorial district in the senate of Alabama. His service there was of such a character that his constituency determined that he was a fit man to represent them in the National House of Representatives, and they accordingly, at the expiration of his term of service as State senator, elected him as a

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Member from the district in which he was born to the Fifty-seventh Congress.

No higher tribute could be paid to his worth than this. The people who thus honored him were many of them those who had known him from his earliest childhood, and who had noted his advancement from one position to another, and with satisfaction had marked the fact that with each succeeding honor that had been thrust upon him he had shown the qualities of heart and head that not only justified the confidence of his constituents, but gave promise of a splendid future.

He was taken away, Mr. President, at a time when he was most useful to his old neighbors, friends, and constituents, and at a time, too, to which he had confidently looked forward as enabling him to not only work out the dreams of his boyhood ambitions, but to render a service to his people and State that would be of an enduring character.

His death is not only an irreparable loss to his family and kindred, but one that will be long felt by the people of his district and State. In the strenuous life that he passed in carrying on his various business enterprises and mingling in politics as actively as he did, he did not forget the teaching of the Savior of Mankind and his obligation to his God. He exemplified in his life the teaching of the Christian religion, and died in the faith of the Methodist Church.

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Address of Mr. Pettus, of Alabama

Mr. President: The character and work of the dead Representative from Alabama have been portrayed to the Senate with more force and with more eloquent language than I can command.

I will only tell you of his burial at his home. I was one of the Senate committee sent to Alabama to attend the funeral ceremonies.

Our dead friend was born and reared in Tuskegee, in Macon County, Ala., where he lived at the time of his death.

Tuskegee is the county seat. It is a village in the east central part of the State, and it has long been the home of an educated, orderly, and honorable population. It has been the location of useful schools for many years.

The train conveying the body of Mr. Thompson and the official escort arrived at Tuskegee about 10 o'clock at night; and it was met at the depot by a great concourse of the people, white and black, ready to do all in their power to show their respect and affection for their dead friend. It was a solemn and sorrowing gathering of the whole population.

Next day the people from the county came from every part and in great numbers; and many came from other parts of the State to pay a last tribute to the dead.

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The funeral services were conducted in the Methodist Church, of which our dead friend had long been a member.

Mr. THOMPSON was a prosperous business man, full of business energy and work, and he had the power and the disposition to do many acts of kindness to others. His manner was bright, cheerful, and gracious. So his work and his charity, though not ostentatious, became well known.

The poet has well said:

> The world, which credits what is done,
> Is cold to all that might have been.

Such a burial by that people could never come to any man unless they could say of him, "Well done, good and faithful man."

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, April 26, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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